

THE Passionate

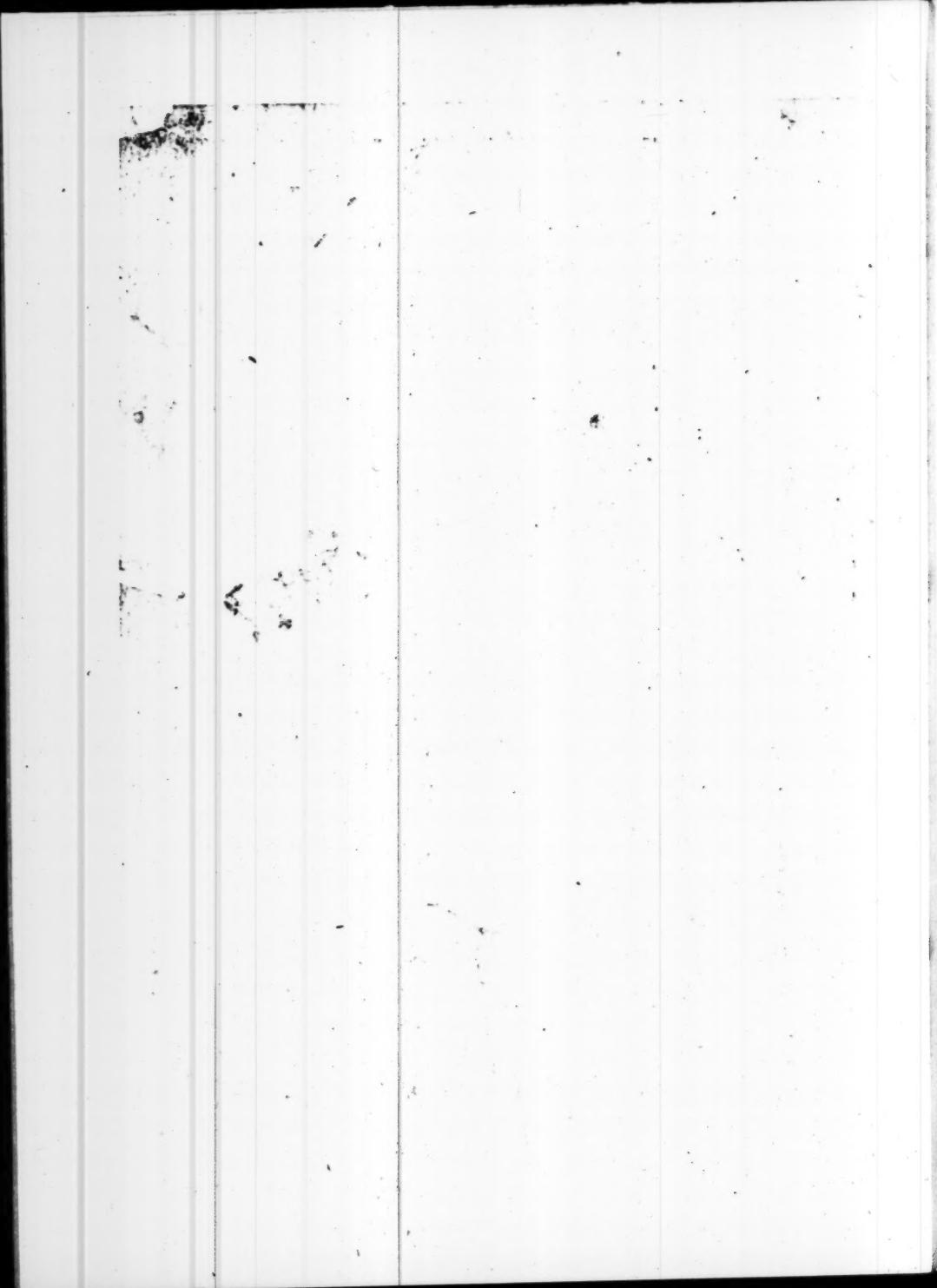
Sparke of a Relenting Minde.

WRITTEN BY
Simion Grahame.

Qno farr vocant.

Seene and allowed by authority.

Printed at London by Humphrey
Lownes, and are to be sold at his Shop at
the West doore of S. Pauls
Church. 1604.



TO THE HIGH AND
Mightie Prince Iames, by the
grace of God King of England,
Scotland, Fraunce and
Ireland. &c.

His sparke comes from
the quenchlesse fire of my
cuer-burning loue, which
(to your Highnesse) I sacrifice vpon
the Altar of my spotlesse hart. In
the seruent flames of this ardor, my
Muse with restles flighting wings
combur's. stil hoping to be Nourished
with the radiant beames and propi-
tious splendors. of those gratioues
Eyes. Then, O then let not the
Mistie



IHS

To the King his Maistic.

Mistie Vapors of darke Obliuion ouercloud the bright quickenesse of such shining Suns. But rather let the Influeunce of their admired vertue exhaust these my rude lines vp into the rare and rich treasure of your Maiesties superabundant fauor. So ending (to begin againe) I wish your Grace a most happie and long Reigne.

Your Maiesties euer
louing subiect.

Simion Grahame.

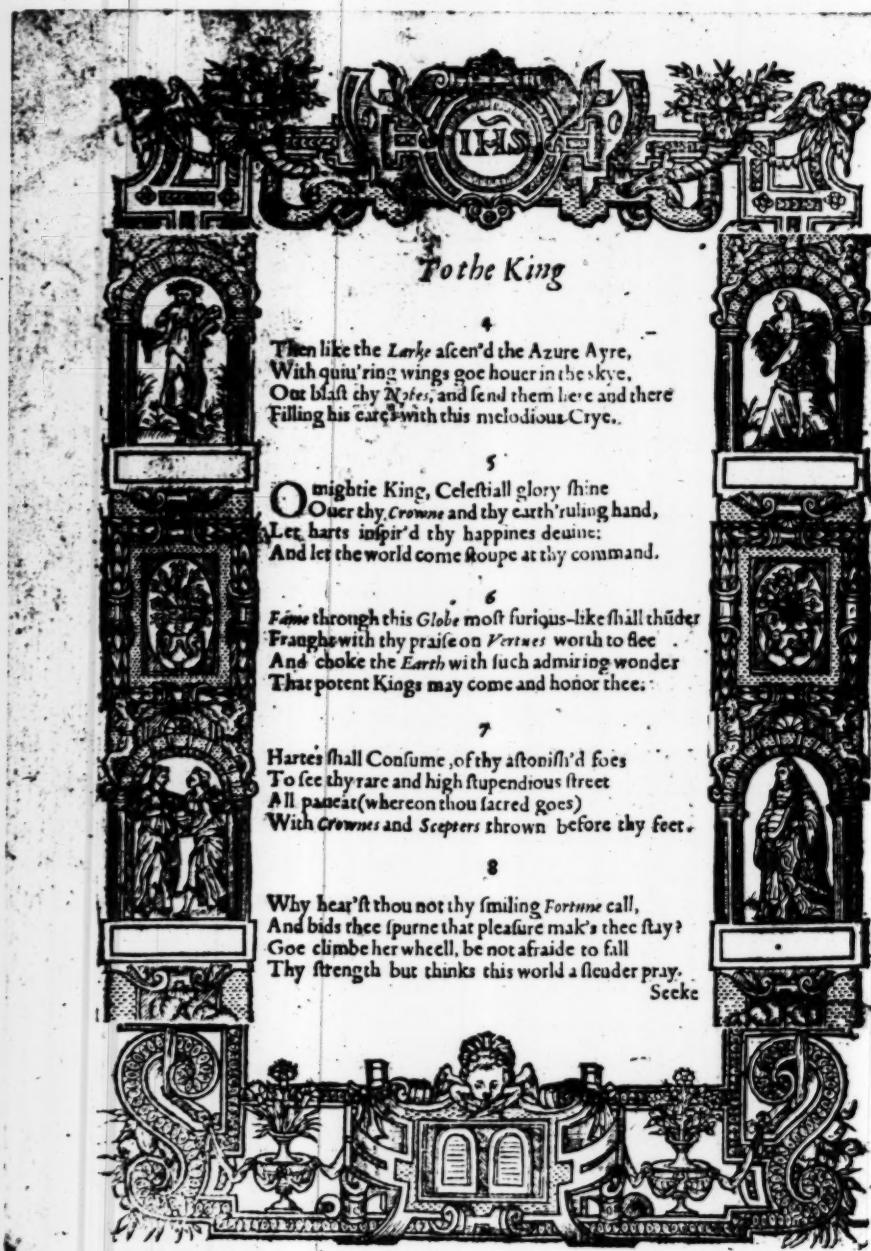
To the King his Maestie.

3
O thou proud *Muse* with thy ambitious flight
Let *Wisdonie* with her pleasing plumes adorn thee
If losty thou shouldest soare thy selfe from sight,
What need'st thou care, the worlds *Envie* to scorn thee?

Let Heau'n thy Song with *Echoes* still resound,
A Royall Subiect doth thy wings vpholdie,
And bids thee Mount aboue the valted *Round*,
Loue hath no scope, bee prodigall and bolde.

3
Go then my *Muse* His mightie *Muse* adore
Pull of the Veile that hid thy high desire
With confort sweete she shall thy song decore,
Her feathers faire giu's promise to aspire.

Then



To the King

Then like the *Lark* ascen'd the Azure Ayre,
With quiv'ring wings goe houer in the skye,
Our blast thy Notes, and send them here and there
Filling his eare with this melodious Crye.

¶
O mightie King, Celestiall glory shine
Ouer thy *Crownes* and thy earth' ruling hand,
Let harts inspir'd thy happiness deuine:
And let the world come soupe at thy command.

¶
Fame through this *Globe* most furious-like shall thuder
Franghe with thy praise on *Vertues* worth to flee
And choke the *Earth* with such admiring wonder
That potent Kings may come and honor thee:

¶
Hartes shall Consumme, of thy astonish'd foes
To see thy rare and high stupendious stree
All paucat (whereon thou sacred goes)
With *Crownes* and *Scepters* thrown before thy feet.

¶
Why hearst thou not thy smiling *Fortune* call,
And bids thee spurne that pleasure mak's thec stay?
Goe climbe her wheel, be not afraide to fall
Thy strength but thinks this world a fleuder pray.
Seeke

bis Maestie.

Secke first thy owne, what force can thee resist?
A name with sought, makes all thy people rage
Like eager Hawkes, retentide vpon the fist,
Who cannot haue their hunger to affwage.

10

The Apple stayes the simple Childe to weepe,
And doth appease his sobbing heart of harmes:
So flatt'ring songes lullies courage fast a sleepe,
And makes the Souldier throw away his Armes.

11

Now firs he wrapt vp in a warme furr'd gowne,
Ouer the fire with firme-firx-gazing eyes:
There battels braue Characters doth set downe,
Hee apprehends which thought deceiuing sees

12

An Armie there in bloody rage forth goes,
With furie for't, swelde with reuenge and griefe:
And yonder flies their faint and feeble foes,
Heere standes some troopes cut of without relieve.

13

Some Martiall men bewitch't with beauty rare,
Are intricate in Laborinthes of Loue:
And forst to trie in fancies flatt'ring snare,
What sweet-mixt-lowre or pleasing paines can proue.

B Then



To the King

14

Then Nymph-like-she with strange intising looke
Doth so enchant the gallant minded men
The bayte still hides the poysion of the hooke
Till they be fast, and thus betray'd, what then?

15

Poore captiuе slaues in bondage prostrate lies
Yelding vnto her mercy-wanting-will
Shee in disdaine scornes all their carefull cries.
And Circes-like triumphes in learned skill.

16

With ambling trippes of beauties gorgeous grace
Aurora-like in sirc colors clad
And with brig'z reflex of her fairest face
She tempting goes with brainsickhe humors lad.

17

Fearing that if she shoud but looke below
Then Beames woud from her burning eyes descend
On Istory brest proud swelling hilis of snow
Would melt, consume, and all their beauty spend.

18

And so she lets her curled lockes downe fall
Which do allure the gentle cooling wnde
To come and play itl wrapping vp in thrall
Chaines of her haire, fonde louers hearts to bind.
Beautie

his Maiestie.

19

Beautie in prime adorn'd doth feede the sight
From Crimson lipps sweet Nefars gust forth flowres
Odor's perfumes the breath, not Natures right
White Iuorie hands a sacred touch bestowes.

20

And when those pearle of Orientall-rankes
With treasure rich of tempting sound denides
From two bright daintie mouing-corall-banke
In-circled eares calme smothing speeches fides.

21

Ech seneelless fence on doting pleasure fast
Doth in a carelless Register inroule.
Willung that course of swift-wing'd Time to last
Which spots the spotleſſe ſubſtance of the ſoule.

22

But oh beholde, Nature in morling weede
Wepeſ to be wrong'd with ſuperſtitious Art
For what can braines of rare iouention breed?
Or what's virought which pleasure may impart?

23

The sharpeſt wit whose quicke deceiuing ſtill
Makes reſleſleſe muſing of their minde to try
Vaine trifling ſnares, mixtur'd with Magicks ſkill
So Art adds that which Nature doth deny.

B 3

And

To the King

24

And thus much more sweete Syrens songs she sounds,
To charme, coniure and tempt his listning eare :
Oh, then the poore Captiu'd wretch abounds:
In peruerse yowes and monstrous othes to iweare.

25

By furious force of Fancy more than madd,
With fond desire in restlesse course hec hunts :
Blinde Loue can not discerne the good from badd,
When on the eye-plumde tayle of pride it mounts.

26

The curious minde makes chiose of good or ill,
Then scales the fort of his engine to clym
Above the top of Art-exceeding skill,
Perfect in that predominates in him.

27

Drunke with the wonders of a worthlesse worth,
From prospect of a looking glasse he takes
Strange Apish trickes to set his folly forth,
Mockt with the gestrue, that his shadow makes.

28

When foolish feates no waies will serue his turne,
All hope is drownd in despaires groundlesse deepe:
In restlesse bed (hee martir'd man) must mourne,
Thoughts,sighes, and teares admitt no kind of sleep.

Thus



bis Maestie.

29

Thus layes the Conquest Conquerour of fieldes
on his herte harte he carries Cupids skarre.
The skruie fainting Coward basely yieldes;
to idle Loue the enemye of warre.

30

Now Trumpets sounde, braue Martiall musick turnes
To fiddling noise, or ells some am'rous songe,
That glorious fame her winges of worth now burns,
Whens golden youth in prime must suffer wronge.

31

Thus gallant sprights doe quintefence their wittes,
Spending the rare inuention of their braines,
On idle royes, at which high honor spittes,
Nor memoriz'd memorials remaines.

32

What Marble minde at this would not amaze,
To see the ambusht robberies and spoyles,
O Royall Sir, with Conqu'ring eyes now gaze,
Conquer this losse tha'ts lost in all thy soyles.

33

Goe, goe, and make the skruie world to yelde (force)
Which trembling stoopes, made fearful with thy
Outspred an host vpon ech forreigne field:
And from selfe pleasure, doe they selfe diuorce.

P 3

But



To the King.

34

(But stay my Muse recall this word of woe)
Thy selfe shall with thy second selfe abide,
The glorious issue of thy loynes shall goe
His honor shall the proude earths honor hide.

35

It's he the florish of thy Priocely prime,
It's he that Kings are made for to adore
It's he bewayles the slow and tardy time,
It's he that weepes there is not worlds in store.

36

It's he that with a greater Courage com's,
Than Godfrey did to sackt the Pagan Turke
With Tripets sounds & with great noise of Drum's,
It's wondrous hee will set this world on wourke.

37

In his approach allegreat thy owne,
With mightrie Musickē of a Martiall mirth.
Beholde thou mak'st great Neptunes pride be showne,
Adorning him with such a gorgeous birth.

38

Let marchesse marching-Castles with the windē,
In Armies strong and stately troopes forth shine:
Now let them goe as harbingers to finde,
Ech vnknowne Coast and tell them all is thine.

Looke



bis Maiesie.

39

Looke on that power that potent thou Commands,
In learned Militarie Art, and how,
Thy eager-harted ventring Subiects stands
Wayting that Gallant warriours word. Goe tow,

40

Then doe not stay Victorious Troph's to raise,
Let thy Tryumphes through Sea and earth be spred,
When thou art dead high fame shall pen thy praise,
Of great renowne in volumes to be read.

41

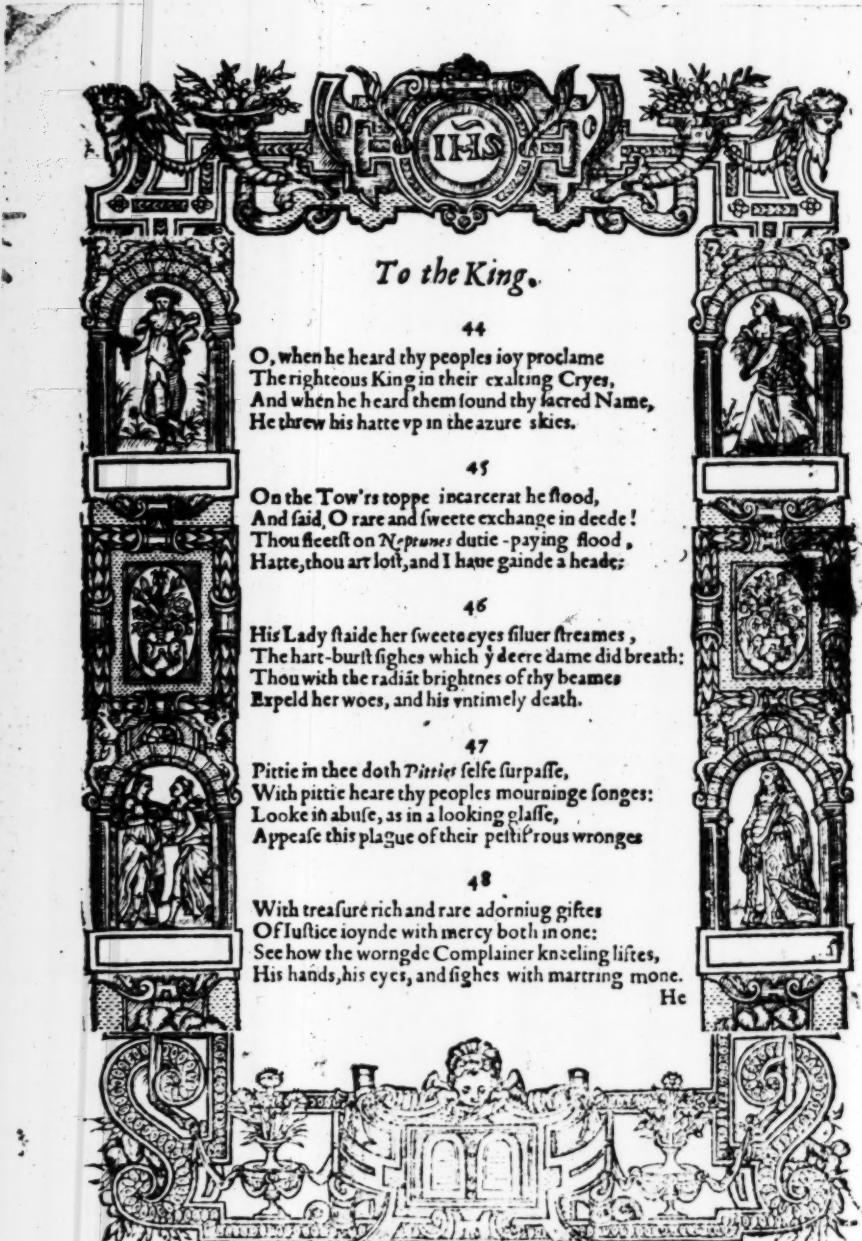
Thou *Eagle* thou looke not on base fowles wings,
Out-stretch thy ewne and fyve this world about.
Thou *Lyon* thoulasse beasts and hunt at Kinges,
From their visurped dennes gae rouse them out.

42

Prowde Valor for the vanguard shall make strife,
And loftie sprights for Honor will aduance.
Let him be loath'd that loth's to loose his life,
Or in thy quarrell skornes to trye his chaunce.

43

He will be first who dying liu'd to see,
This toyle thy right gouern'd with thy great grace:
And that blacke mist of vap'rous clowdes to flee
Which long obscur'd the splendors of thy face.



IHS

To the King.

44

O, when he heard thy peoples ioy proclame
The righteous King in their exalting Cryes,
And when he heard them found thy sacred Name,
He threw his hatte vp in the azure skies.

45

On the Tow'r's toppe incarceraſt he flood,
And ſaid, O rare and ſweete exchange in deede!
Thou ſleſt on Neprunes dutie -paying flood,
Hatte, thou art loſt, and I haue gaide a heade;

46

His Lady ſtaide her ſweete eyes ſiluer ſtreames,
The hart-burſt ſighes which y deere dame did breath:
Thou with the radiat brightnes of thy beames
Expel her woes, and his vntimely death.

47

Pittie in thee doth Pitties ſelfe ſurpaſſe,
With pittie heare thy peoples mourninge ſonges:
Looke it abyde, as in a looking glaffe,
Appeafe this plague of their peiſh'rous wronges

48

With treaſure rich and rare adorning giftes
Of Justice ioynde with mercy both in one:
See how the worngde Complainier kneeling liſtes,
His hands, his eyes, and ſighes with martring mone.

He



bis Maistrie.

49

He saies O Sir I would to God thou sawe,
What numbers great, Damn'd Vsurie doth kill
The snaky Lawyer with vnlawfull lawe.
He suckes the hartblood of his Clients still,

50

His hopelesse shifte will promise very fayer,
And take their soule, if that their soule were golde
He robbs them first, then drownes them in dispaire,
So poore mens right, is to the rich men folde.

51

To come to thee alas they'r chokte with feare,
Some are put backe, when kneeling on their knees
Doe what they can before they get thy eare,
The bribrous Minion, needes will haue his fees.

52

He takes in hand ech sute both great or small,
And swears they're sure, yea to them surely lost.
For first he tryes the value of them all,
And seiles them quite to those that will giue most.

53

(he telles)

When dayes, weekes, moneths, and yeeres are spent
The Kinge will no waies graunt your sutes; farewell,
This whoiles the poore man in a hundred helles
Both them and theirs to begge, to robbe, and steale.

C

O



To the King

53

O Heau'ns what filthie Colors can I haue.
To painte such vgly Monsters in their kinde :
They flatter most when they would most deceave,
There hony tonges flinges with a Vip'rous minde.

54

It's this vile Caterpillars Mischeses-Nurse,
That fills thy Commons full of sad Complaintes ,
Thou coul't to cure this strange conluming Curse,
At which I know thy ruthfull hart relentes.

55

I care not for the falty-ons enuie,
I know this Phisicke makes his soule to smart :
O that it could both make him Weape and Crie.
Whil'st Conscience-worme eates vp his gyltie hart.

56

Spare not Reuenge, God sends thee to redresse,
Long-luffring-greife, and Rigor to remoue
Treade down their heads y' wold the poore oppresse
So shal thou win and keepe thy peoples loue.

57

Still may thy loue with their true loue he bought,
Still may thy Crown bring Crownes vpon thy Crown
Still may thy worth with wond'rous worth be wrought
Stil may renoune inrich thy rich renoune.

Still

bis Maiestie.

52

Still maist thou reigne in happiness and health,
And still mayst thou in being euer-bee:
Believe me Sir my love is all my wealth,
And all that weal I sacrifice to thee.
So only Loue hath gauen my Mute this flight,
And makes her come salute thy sacred sight.

C 2

FINIS.





ihs

Of a Bee.

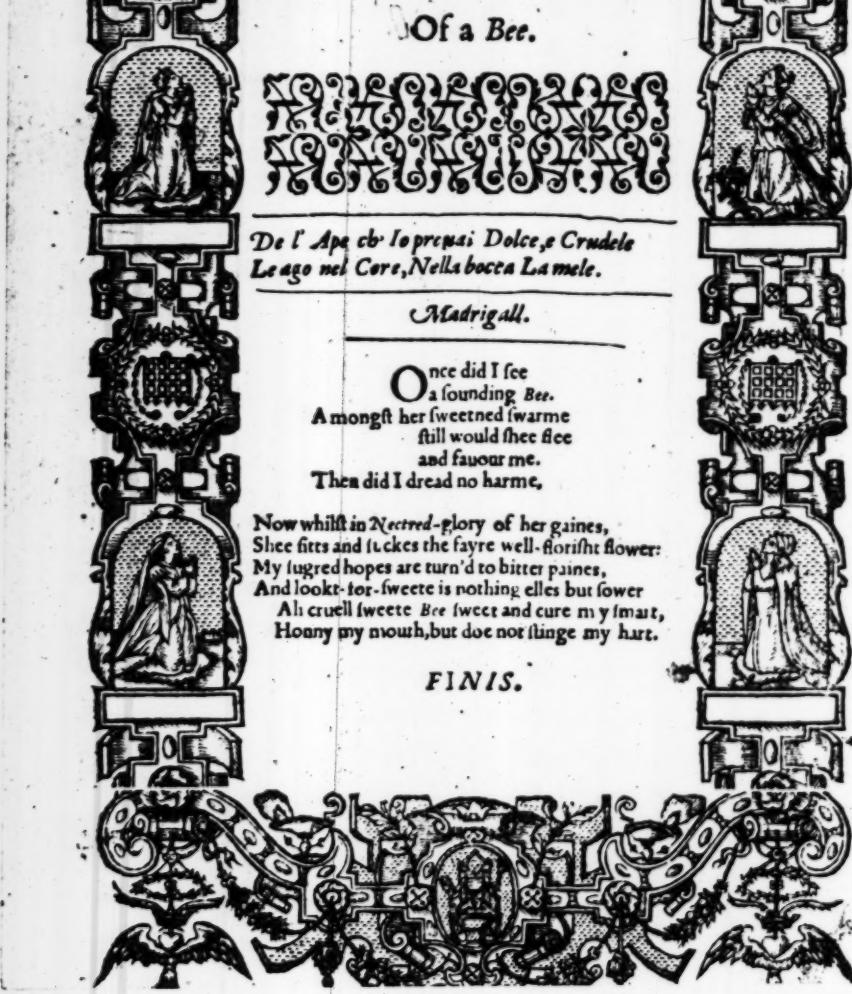
De l'Ape cb lo presai Dolce, e Crudele
Le ago nel Core, Nella bocca La mela.

Madrigall.

Once did I see
A sounding Bee.
Amongst her sweetned swarne
Still would shee see
And fauour me.
Then did I dread no harme,

Now whilst in Nectred-glory of her gaines,
Shee sits and suckes the fayre well-florish flower:
My lugred hopes are turn'd to bitter paines,
And lookt-for-sweete is nothing elles but fower
Ali cruell sweete Bee sweet and cure my smart,
Honny my mouth, but doe not slunge my hurt.

FINIS.





To the famous Ile of Glorious Britannie.

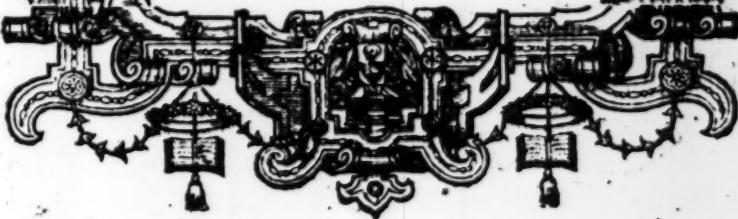
1
ON Parnasse hill whilst as I sit to sing,
Of stately joy the streames that by me slides:
Sweet confort yelds from the Caspalian spring
Whole myrmure fall in Siluer veines deuides,
Then intricate with courses to and fro,
They seeme to turne whil'st as with speed they go.

2
The Muses scarce in circuit is sat downe,
When Laureat troopes comes kneeing mee before,
In humble shew eeh takes his Lawrell Crowne,
And sweares they shall this subiect all adore:
So am I forc'd by thee, O wondrous worth !
In warbling notes sweete confort to send forth.

3
With nine-voyc'd mouth, my Delphin song I found,
Of all the world blest bee thou Britaines Ile.
Thou, only thou within this mortall round
On whom the Heau'ns haue lou'de so long to smile
For Phanx-like thou hast renewde by kinde
In gowing that which lay for thee iushrinde.

C 3

Thy





To the famous Isle

4

Thy present time doth winter-blast disaire
At force of Joy the barren branch decayes
Long florish'd hope now fruitfull is and faire
Whose lod'ned birth with burthen bowes the bayes,
So downward tops inclining still below
Such homage to their owner do they shew.

5

Then soyle in this most happie harf't your right
Ripe sweete desire in spight of vilde Enue
So shall you with your Monarchs-matching-might
Make earthly Kings to feare your conqu'ring crie
The circuit of this spatiouse Ball at length
Shall yeld vnto your armie-potent-strength,

6

As sounds below relents the Ayer aboue
That hideous noyse of Thunderclaps may swage
So proud vsurping mindes shall stoope to meane
The Lion redd to stay his roaring rage
Their honors high when he hath made them thrall
Since with his force their forcelesse force must fall.

7

Hee threatens th'earth with such tryumphante might
That makes his foes afraid to heare his name
On Vertues wings o'reshinde with honors light
Borne through the world with euer flying fame
Which full the Echo of his might resounds
A terror threatening these terrestrial bounds.

His



of glorious Britaine.

His Scepter proud and his great conq'ring hand
Will creft Troph's of high Triumphes on all
Earth-ruling mindes stooping at his commaund
Adorn'd they are by him to bee made thrall.

So Morach hee must caute ecb potent King,
For him and his rich tributes for to bring.

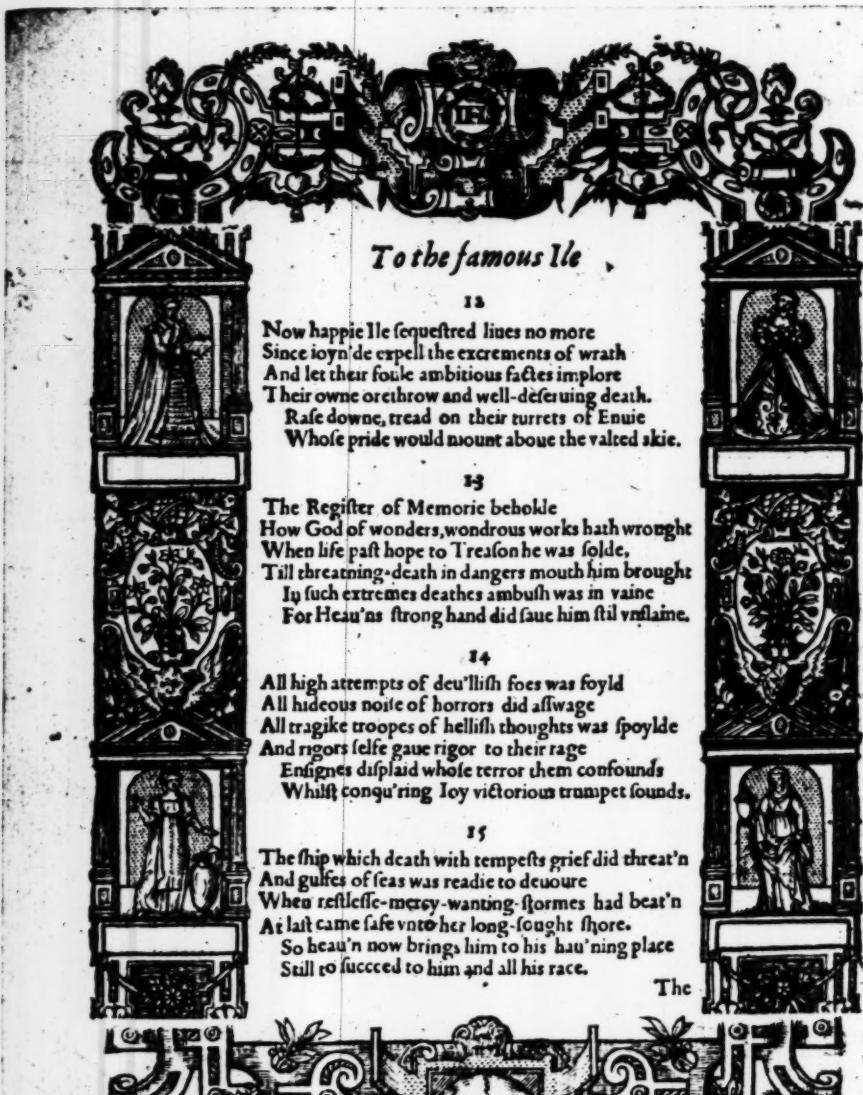
No treasons gilt, such threateningg can abide
Nor Vipers vilde who eates their tongues to bark
With feares conful'd must needs their selues go hide
And lye obscure in the Cemeterian darke.

From light debar'd to preslasse Plantes place
Where mostroous spirits such mosters shal imbrace

20
Sweld with Enuie and poys'ned great with griefe
Most serpent-like spewes Venome on their owne
Damo'd farts abhor, whose mutins breeds mischief
They with their telfe, their selfe shall bee orethowne.
So diuillish braynes brings resleffe murther still
They filthie frogs ecb one shall other kill.

II
Then subiects true on honors throne set forth
No death your eternized life can end
For famous feates ad's wonders to such worth
And truth full doth a shining light our tend
Whose glancing beames reflexing heire and there
By flowing quilles of Poets are made rare.

Now



To the famous Ile

33

Now happy Ile sequestred lies no more
Since ioyn'de expell the excrements of wrath
And let their soule ambitious factes implore
Their owne overthow and well-deserving death.
Rase downe, tread on their turrets of Envy
Whose pride would mount aboue the valeted skie.

33

The Register of Memoric beholde
How God of wonders, wondrous works hath wrought
When life past hope to Treason he was sold,
Till threatening-death in dangers mouth him brought
In such extremes deatthes ambush was in vaine
For Heau'n's strong hand did saue him stil vnslaine.

34

All high attempts of deu'llish foes was foild
All hideous noise of horrors did asswage
All tragike troopes of hellish thoughts was spoyld
And rigors selfe gaue rigor to their rage
Enigmes displaid whole terror them confounds
Whilst conqu'ring Ioy victorious trumpet sounds.

35

The ship which death with tempests grief did threat'n
And gulfes of seas was readie to devoure
Whero reflesse-mercy-wanting stormes had beat'n
At last came safe vnto her long-fought shore.
So heau'n now brings him to his hau'ning place
Still to succeed to him and all his race.

The

of glorious Brittaine.

16

The vpright in each true extermal thing
Bewrayes the force hart-burng-loue doth yeald
For smiling lookes of such a gratiouse King
Shall make your loue with life and blood be seald,
Vnworthie to enioy this mortall breath
Who for this King or countrey feares their death.

17

The Altar is a spoyleſſe minde whereon
You ſacrifice and offer vp good-will:
Loue yealds the fuell from the hart alon
Which once inflam'd is quencheleſſe burning still
Then Martiall feates ſhall breed couragious strife,
In battels braue to trye a careleſſe life.

18

Though the *Idea* of your long desire
Vnfeſted *Time* obfcurſes him for a ſpace
Yet ſhall this *Time* with comming *Time* expire
And then receiue fruition of his face
Who Iuſtice ſeekes, his wifedomes eyes ſhall ſee
With Reasons right each may contented bee.

19

Lo Spring-time comes, long dark'ned Sun com's out
All to renew that Winter blaſtes had ſpoil'd
When ſending forth, his gorgerous beames about,
Hopes haru't expel's which high diſpaire had foil'd
So hope triumphes, diſpaire lies quite o'rethrowne
Sweet ſoyle ȳ haſt which God hath made thine own.

D Miscon-

לְהַלֵּל

To the famous Ile

20

Misconster not his well-inclining-minde
Doo not mistrust, for Triall lurkes in Time
Why to his Kingdomes shall hee prooue vankinde,
And glorie stayne of his adorning prime?
No countaine can make him become so strange,
Nor earthly pompe his burning loue to change.

21

Murmour no more nor bee not discontent
When constant loue and spotlesse Justice stands
With eager piercing lookes for to prevent
All kinde of foule oppression in his lands.
This is the right iuricheth his renoune,
This is the oath made to his roiall Crowne.

22

And you whose long tormented hearts hath still
With cloudie niftes and darkenesse been obscur'd
You all the world with Tragike volumes fill
What woe's deuyl'd that you haue not indur'd
Your Register this Rigor may recal,
Shame, bloodshed, death, still captiues led in thrall.

23

In guilelesse-him, no crueltie doth dwell
Nor from his mercy never sprang mischiefe
Your conscience read and it shall surely tell
His hands are wash'd as causelesse of your griefe
Then let the bloud the banishment and death
Bee on their heads the Authors of your wrath.

What

לְלִדוֹת

of glorious Brittanie.

24

What though a King? yet Kings are sometime forc'd
To yeld content with vncontenting hart
As from his will vnwillingly diuorc'd
That no vprore should rite any part:
Such is the onely prudence in a Prince
That 'gainst a murmur'ring *Momus* makes defence.

25

Why, doe not then degorge satyrike words
Vsurping right, thou shalt vsurpe thy braine
For lo nought else such foolish feates affords:
But diu'lish guerdon for thy greatest gaine,
And still thou shalt infamous make thy name
When as thy end's to end in endlesse shame.

26

If Christian thou, then Christian-like abide
Till flowing fauour from his Kingly loue
By Stately rule thy fredome shall prouide
When mindes remorse and mercy shall him moue,
So Conscience thrall'd, made free and griefe is gone
Then shall his Soyles contented lie in one.

27

And dark'ned Clouds that lowers vpon you heads
Gives place vnto the glori'us shining Sun
Whose burning beames with radiant splendor spreads
A relliefe race not ending still begun
To shew the ods 'twixt heau's Celestiall light
And gloomy mist of Helles eternall night.

D 3

From

To the famous Ile

28

From treasure rich of Gods immortall store
Let feruent loue in firy flames de'cend
And fill your hearts with pittie to implore
That heau's preventing hand may hym defend
Let highest curse beath forth consuming woes
For to conuert or else confound his foes.

29

A gracious King whose Mercie still abounds
A gallant Queen by Nature made none such,
A Prince whose worth James restles Trumpet sounds
And Princesse she I carnot prayse too much
A King a Queene, a Prince, a Princesse rare
O Soyle, what Soyle, can with this Soyle compare.

30

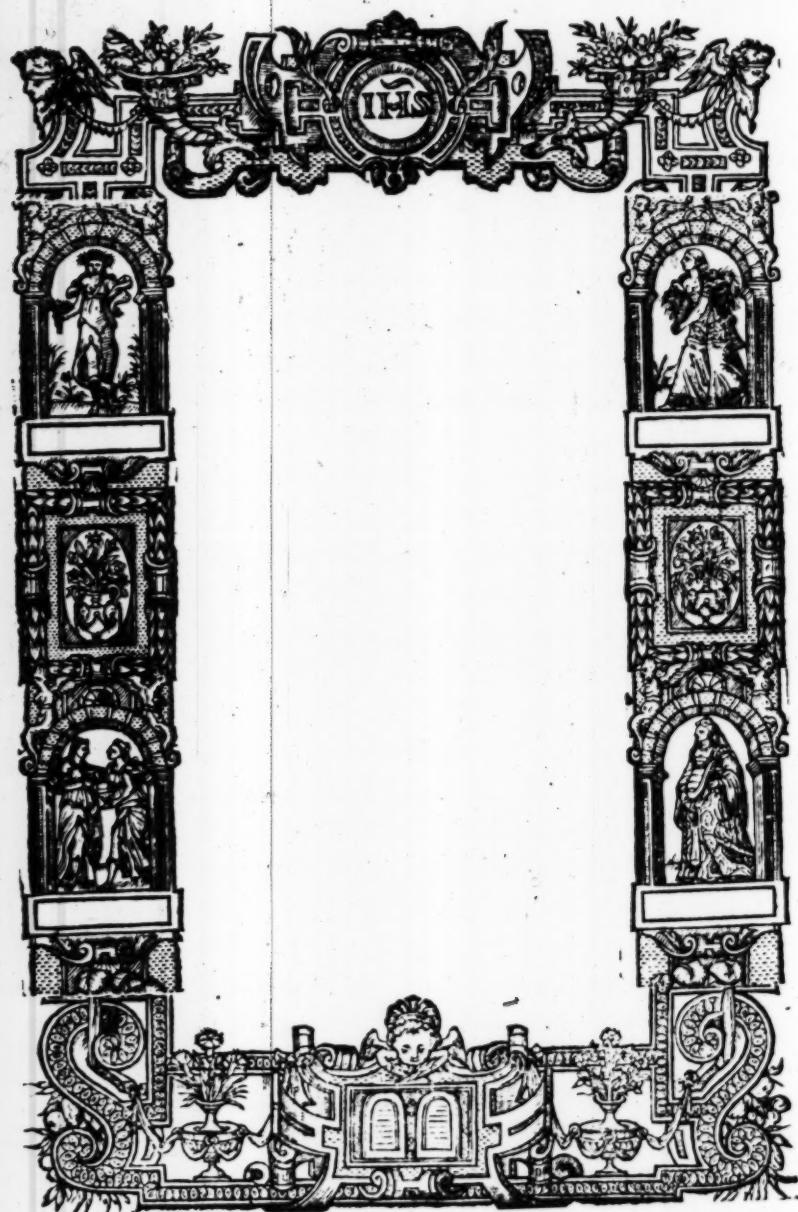
Then happie Ile, in this thy happie day
Gods thundring voyce with harts relenting heare
Whil'st heau's high Troopes theatred in array
With sounding loy before Christ's throne compear
In confort sweet melodious songs to sing
Live hue great James most blest and potent King.

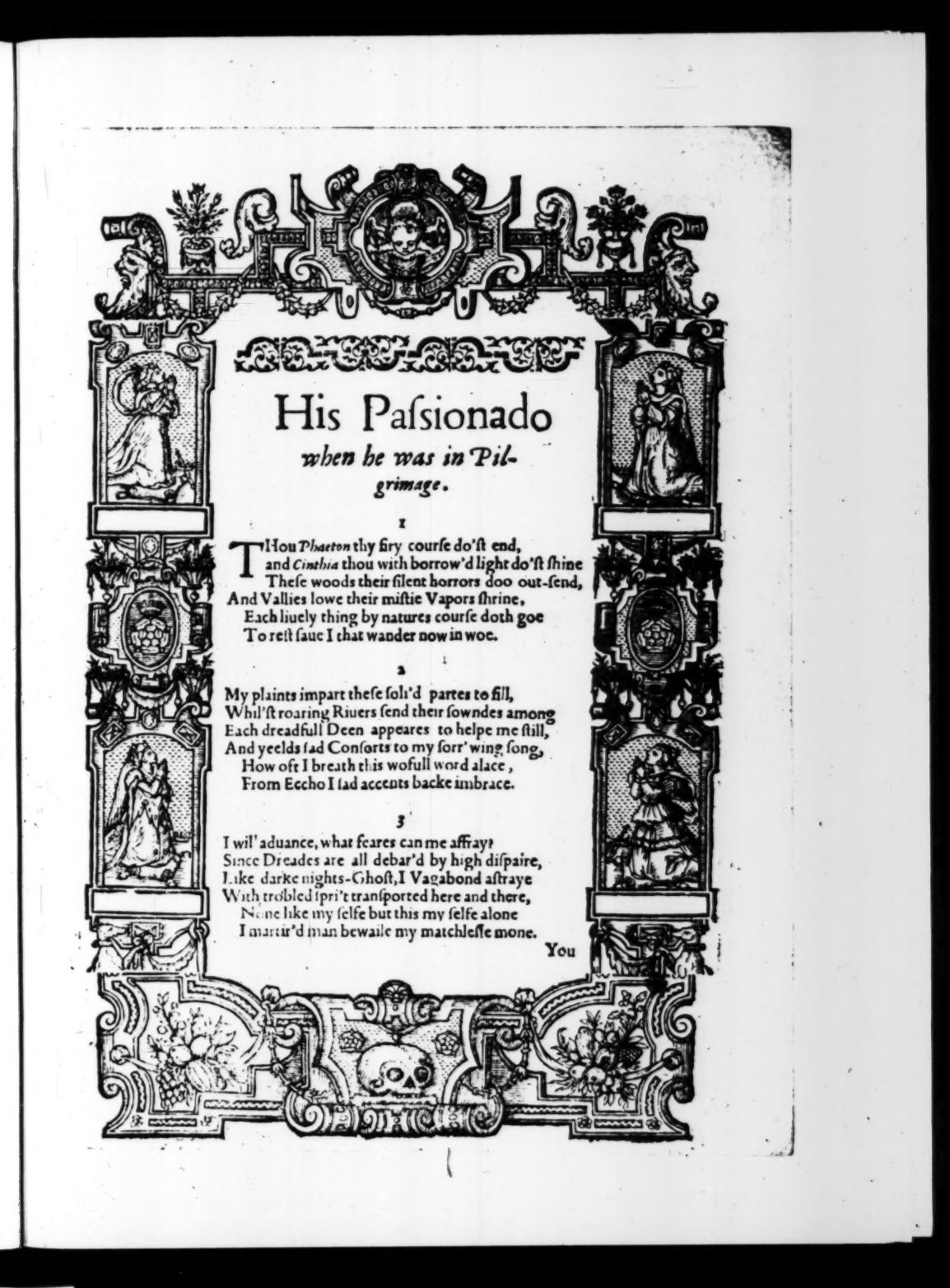
FINIS.

To Scotland his Soyle;

To thee my *Soyle* (where first
I did receue my breath)
These *Obsequies* I sing
Before my *Swan-like-death*.
My loue by nature bound
which spotleſſe loue I spend
From treasure of my hart
to *Thee* I recommend.
I care not *Fortunes* frowne,
nor her vconstant *Fate*:
Let her dissembling ſmile
and tryumph in deceate.
Curſ'd be that man which hoores
his hopes vp in her lap,
And curſ'd be he that builds
vpon her hapleſſe hap.
I tread on that blinde *Bard*
and ſcorne her ſowre-mixt-sweet,
In spite of all her spite
I ſpurne her with my feet.
Now let her ſpet more wrath
(If any more yet bee)
Let horrore of her hart
thunder at *Cæleſte-Mer.*
Then all the flatt'ring ſhowes
of *Fortune* I diſdaine,
So farewell *Soyle* and friends,
a *Pilgrime* once againe.

FINIS.





His Passionado

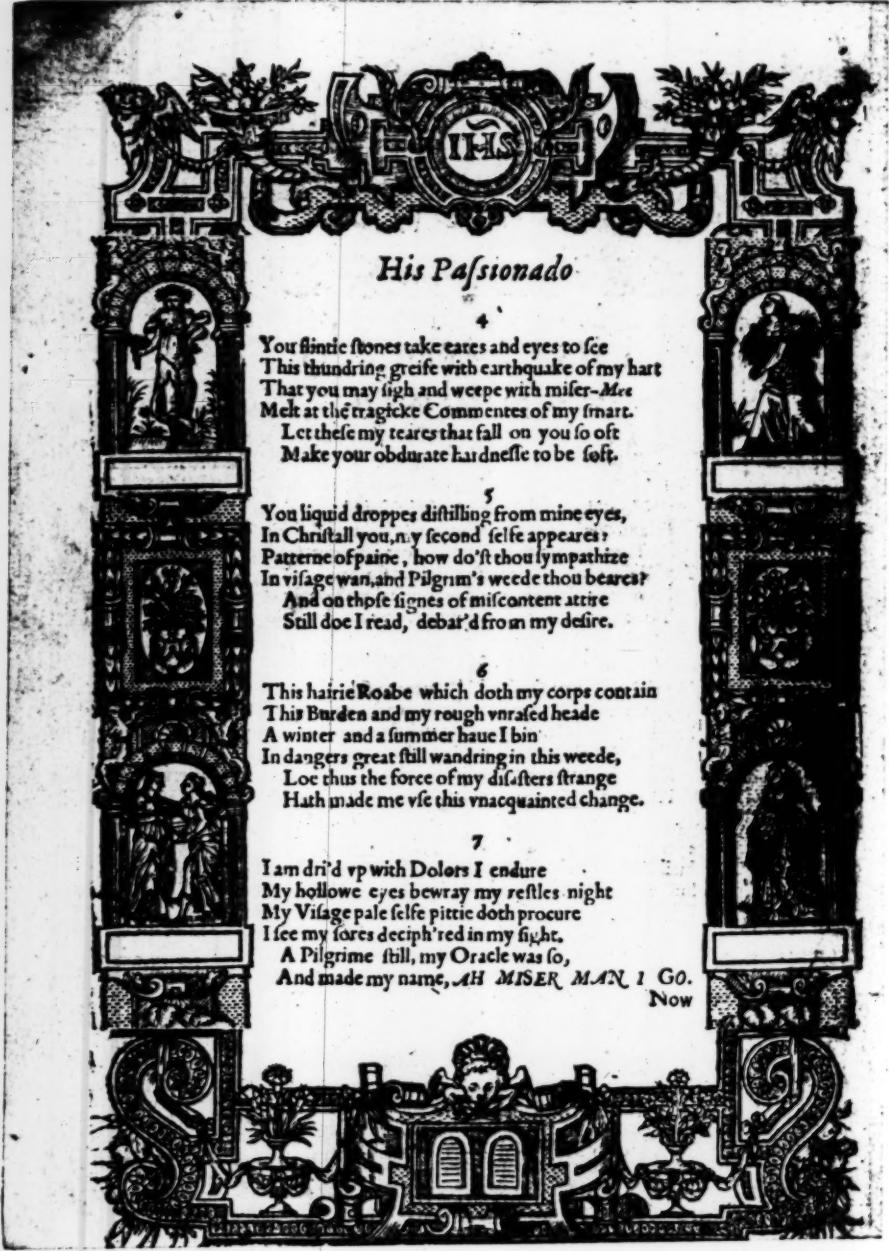
*when he was in Pil-
grimage.*

1
T HOU Phaeton thy firy course do'st end,
and Cynthia thou with borrow'd light do'st shine
These woods their silent horrors doo out-send,
And Vallies lowe their mistie Vapors shrine,
Each liuely thing by natures course doth goe
To reit saue I that wander now in woe.

2
My plaints impart these soli'd partes to fill,
Whil'st roaring Riuers send their soundes among
Each dreadfull Deen appears to helpe me still,
And yeelds sad Consorts to my sorr' wing song,
How oft I breath this wofull word alace,
From Echo I sad accents backe imbrace.

3
I wil' aduance, what feares can me affray?
Since Dreades are all debar'd by high disaire,
Like darke nightes Ghost, I Vagabond astray
With troubled sprit transported here and there,
None like my self but this my selfe alone
I marir'd man bewaile my matchlesse mone.

You



IHS

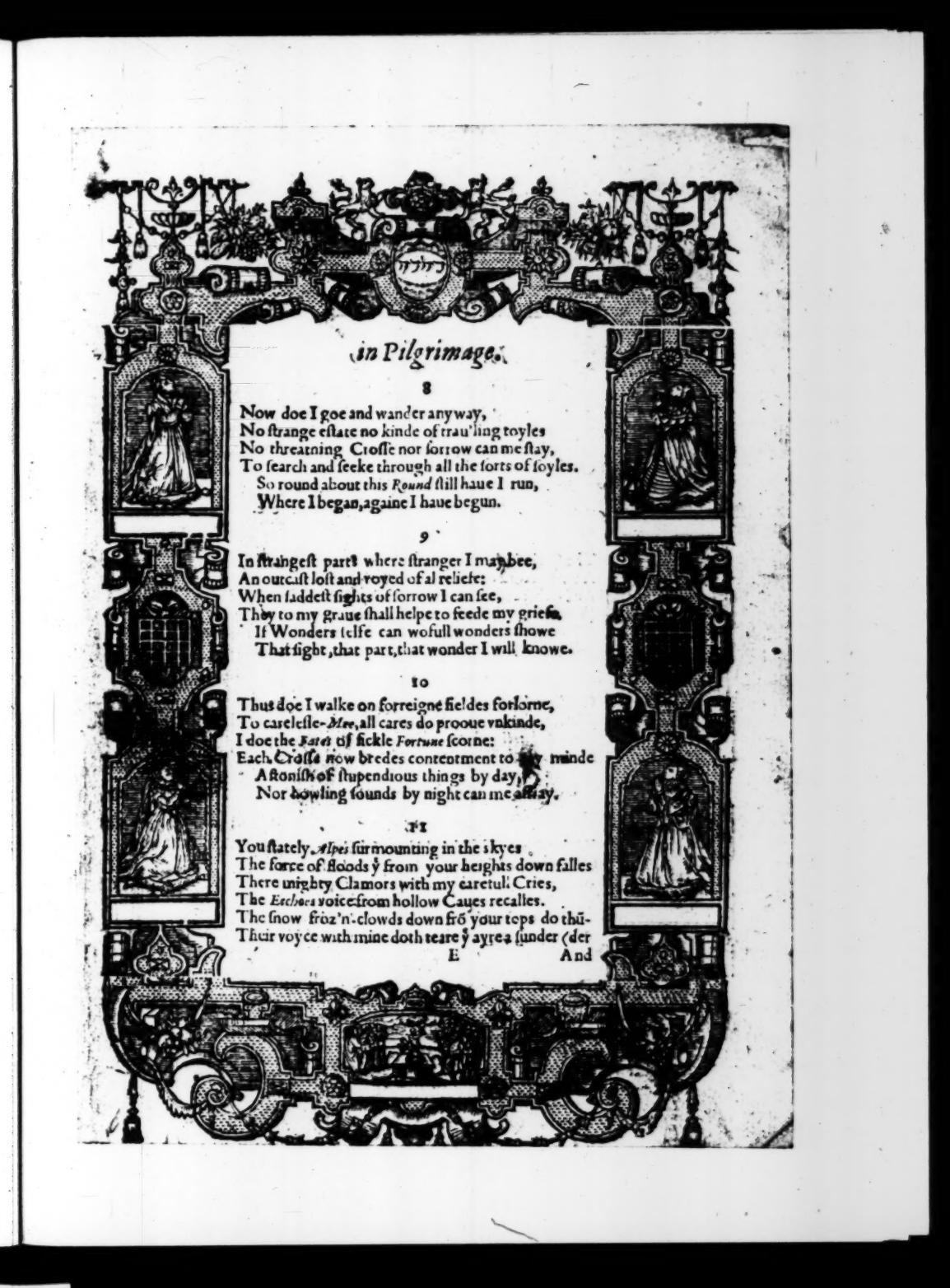
His Passionado.

You flintie stones take eates and eyes to see
This thundring greife with earthquake of my hart
That you may ligh and weape with miser-Me
Melt at the tragicke Comentes of my smart.
Let these my teares that fall on you so oft
Make your obdurate hardnesse to be soft.

You liquid droppes distilling from mine eyes,
In Christall you, n'y second selfe appears,
Patterne of paine, how do st thou sympathize
In visage wan, and Pilgrym's weede thou beares?
And on those signes of miscontent attire
Still doe I read, debar'd from my desire.

This hairy Roabe which doth my corps contain
This Burden and my rough vnrasfed heade
A winter and a summeter haue I bin'
In dangers great still wandring in this weede,
Loe thus the force of my disasters strange
Hath made me vse this vnaquainted change.

I am dri'd vp with Dolors I endure
My hollowe eyes bewray my restles night
My Vilage pale selfe pittie doth procure
I see my fores deciph'red in my sight,
A Pilgrime still, my Oracle was so,
And made my name, AH MISER MAN I GO.
Now



in Pilgrimage.

8

Now doe I goe and wander anyway,
No strange estate no kinde of trau'ling toyles
No threatening Croſſe nor sorrow can me stay,
To ſearch and ſeeke through all the forts of toyles.
So round about this Round ſtill haue I run,
Where I began, againe I have begun.

9

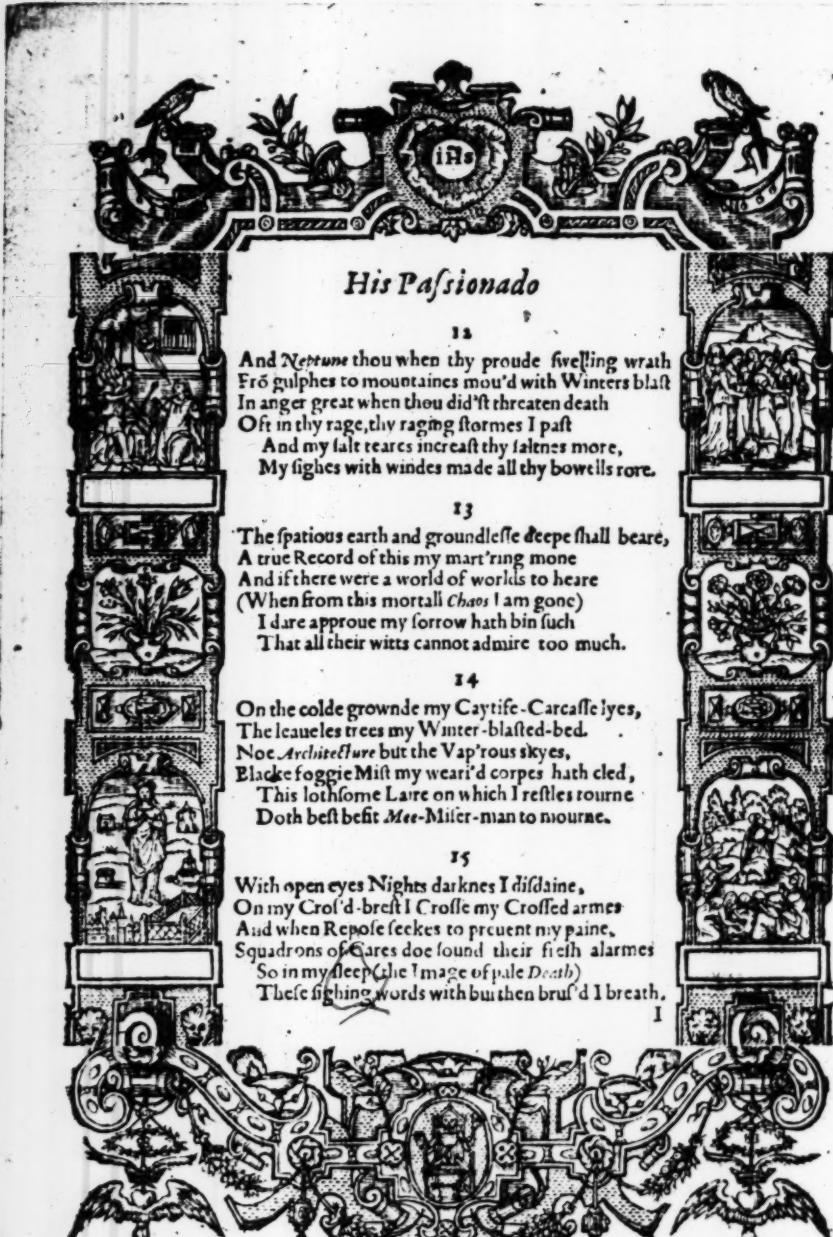
In strangest parts where stranger I may bee,
An ouercast loſt and royed of al reliefs;
When faddeſt ſights of ſorrow I can ſee,
Thoy to my graue ſhall helpe to feede my griefs.
If Wonders telfe can woſfull wonders ſhowe
That ſight, that part, that wonder I will knowe.

10

Thus doe I walke on forreignē fieldes forlorne,
To careleſſe-*Mee*, all cares do prooue vankinde,
I doe the ſare of ſickle Fortune ſcorne:
Each Croſſe now bredes conteinment to my minde
Aftonish of ſtupendious things by day,
Nor howling ſounds by night can me aby.

11

You ſtately, Alpe ſurmounting in the ſkies
The force of floods y from your heights down falles
There mighty Clamors with my caretul: Cries,
The Echoes voices from hollow Caues recalles.
The ſnow froz'n: clouds down frō your tops do thū-
Their voyce with mine doth teare y ayres ſunder *der*
E And



His Passionado

12

And *Neptune* thou when thy proude swelling wrath
Frō gulphes to mountaines mou'd with Winters blast
In anger great when thou did'st threaten death
Oft in thy rage, thv raging stormes I past
And my salt teares increast thy falnes more,
My sighes with windes made all thy bowells sore.

13

The spatiouse earth and groundlesse deepe shall beare,
A true Record of this my mart'ring mone
And if there were a world of worlks to heare
(When from this mortall *Chaos* I am gone)
I dare approue my sorrow hath bin such
That all their witts cannot admire too much.

14

On the colde grownde my Caytife-Carcasse lies,
The leauel trees my Winter-blasted-bed.
Noe Architelure but the Vap'rous skyes,
Blacke foggie Mist my weari'd corpes hath cled,
This lothsome Lare on which I restles tourne
Doth best besit *Mee-Mister-man* to mourne.

15

With open eyes Nights darknes I disdaine,
On my Crold-breſt I Crosse my Croſſed armes
And when Repole seekes to preuent my paine,
Squadrons of Cares doe ſound their fielh alarms
So in my ſleep (the I mage of pale *Death*)
These ſighing words with burthen bruſd I breath.

1



in Pilgrimage.

16

I euer row'd my *Berge* against the streme,
I scald' d those steppes that *Fortune* did me frame
I Conquer'd, which impossible did seeme.
I, haples I, once happie I became
Now sweete tell Ioy is turn'd tol iter gall
The higher vp the greater was my fall.

17

What passing Follies are in high Estates,
Whose foolish hopes gue promise to aspire:
Selfe-flatt'rie still doth maske the feare of *Fates*
Till vnawares deceiu'd in fough't desire,
This bresels disaire, then force of *Fortune*, change
Setts high Estates in dread and perrill strange.

18

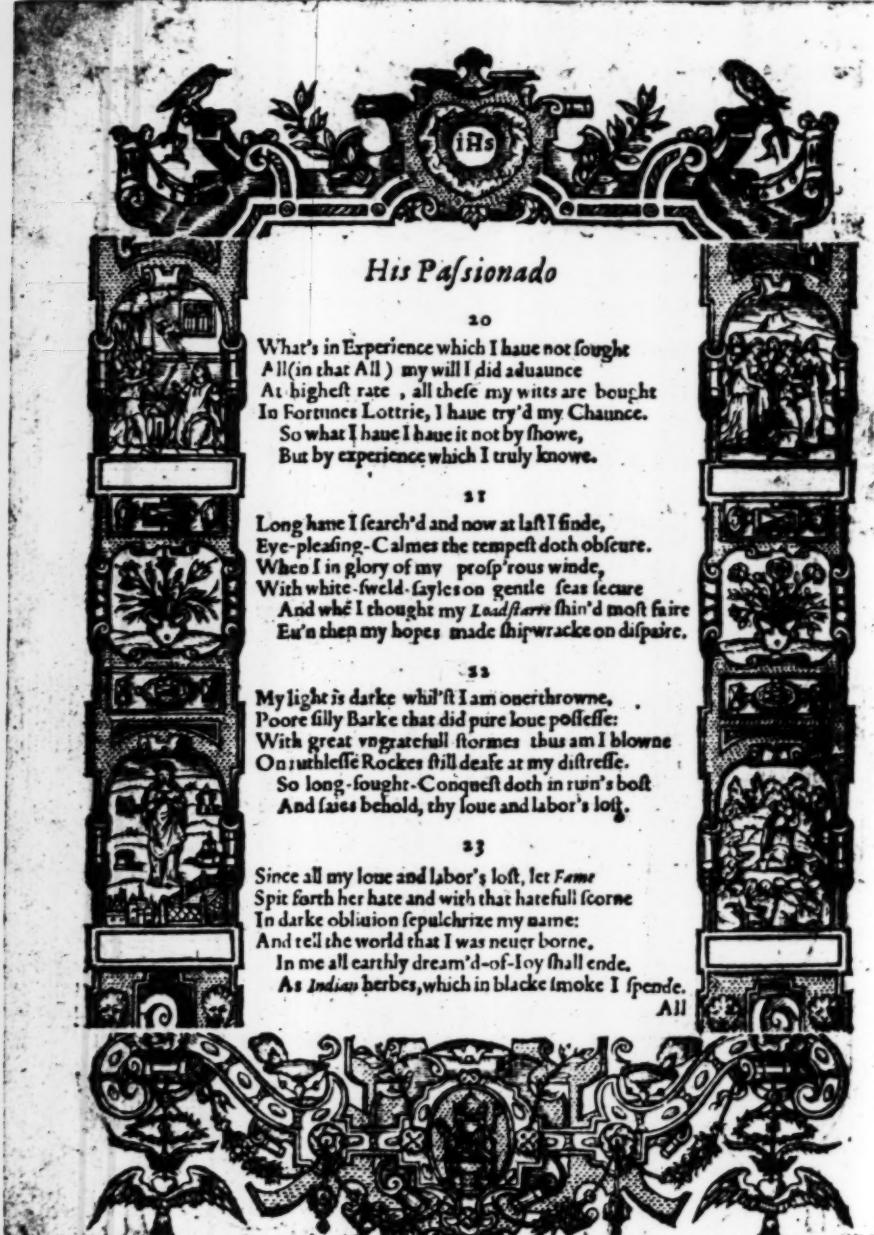
There secret grudge, Envie and Treason dwelles
There Iustice lies, in Dole-bewraying weede
There syding *Time* with alt'ring feates still telles
The great Attempts ambitious mindes doe breed.
They who haue most still hunt for more and more
They most desire that most are choak'd with store

19

Henceforth will I forsake Terrestiall Toyes,
Which are nought ells but shadwodes of deceat
What Couer'd danger is in earthly ioyes,
When vilde Envie, triumphes on each Estate.
Thou Traitor *Time* thy Treason doth betray
And makes youthes Spring in florish sayre decay.

E 2

What's



ihs

His Passionado

20

What's in Experience which I haue not sought
All(in that All) my will I did aduaunce
At highest rate, all these my witts are bought
In Fortunes Lottrie, I haue try'd my Chaunce.
So what I haue I haue it not by shewe,
But by experience which I truly knowe.

21

Long hate I search'd and now at last I finde,
Eye-pleasing-Calmes the tempest doth obscure.
When I in glory of my prosp'rous wind,
With white-sweld-sayles on gentle seas secure
And whē I thought my Loadstarre shain'd most faire
Eu'n then my hopes made shipwracke on dispaire.

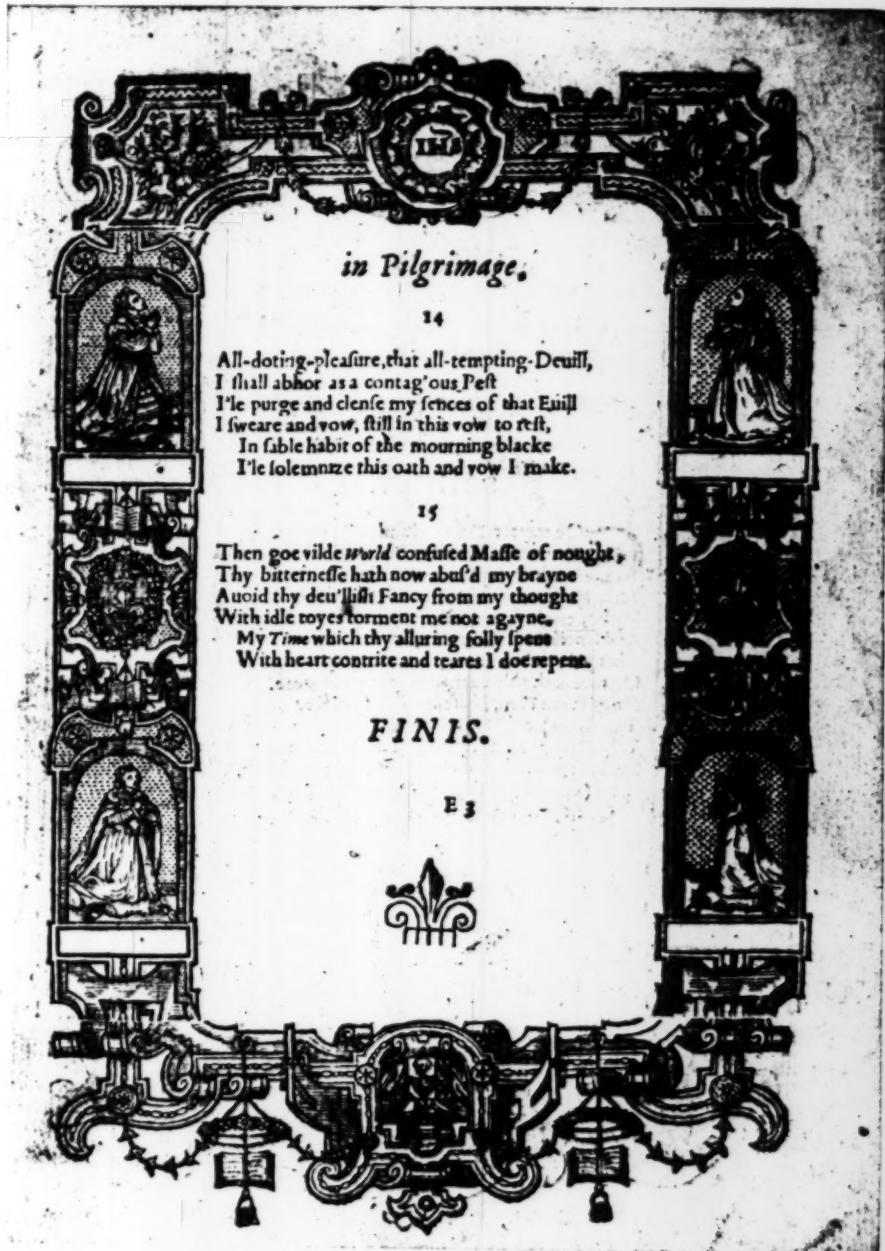
22

My light is darke whil'st I am overthowne,
Poore silly Barke that did pure loue possesse:
With great vngreatfull stormes thus am I blowne
On ruthlesse Rockes still deafe at my distresse.
So long-fought-Conquest doth in ruin's bost
And saues behold, thy loue and labor's lost.

23

Since all my loue and labor's lost, let *Fame*
Spir forth her hate and with that hatefull scorne
In darke obliuion sepulchrize my name:
And tell the world that I was never borne.
In me all earthly dream'd-of-Ioy shall ende.
As *Indian* herbes, which in blacke smoke I spende.

All



in Pilgrimage.

14

All-doting-pleasure, that all-tempting-Deuill,
I shall abhor as a contag'ous Pest
I'le purge and cleanse my senscs of that Euill
I swear and vow, still in this vow to rest,
In sable habit of the mourning blacke
I'le solemnize this oath and vow I make.

15

Then goe vilde *wrold* confused Matte of nought,
Thy bitternesse hath now abus'd my braynes
Awoyd thy deuillish Fancy from my thought
With idle toyes torment me not agayne,
My *Time* which thy alluring folly spese
With heart contrite and teares I doe repente.

FINIS.

E 3





Against Time.

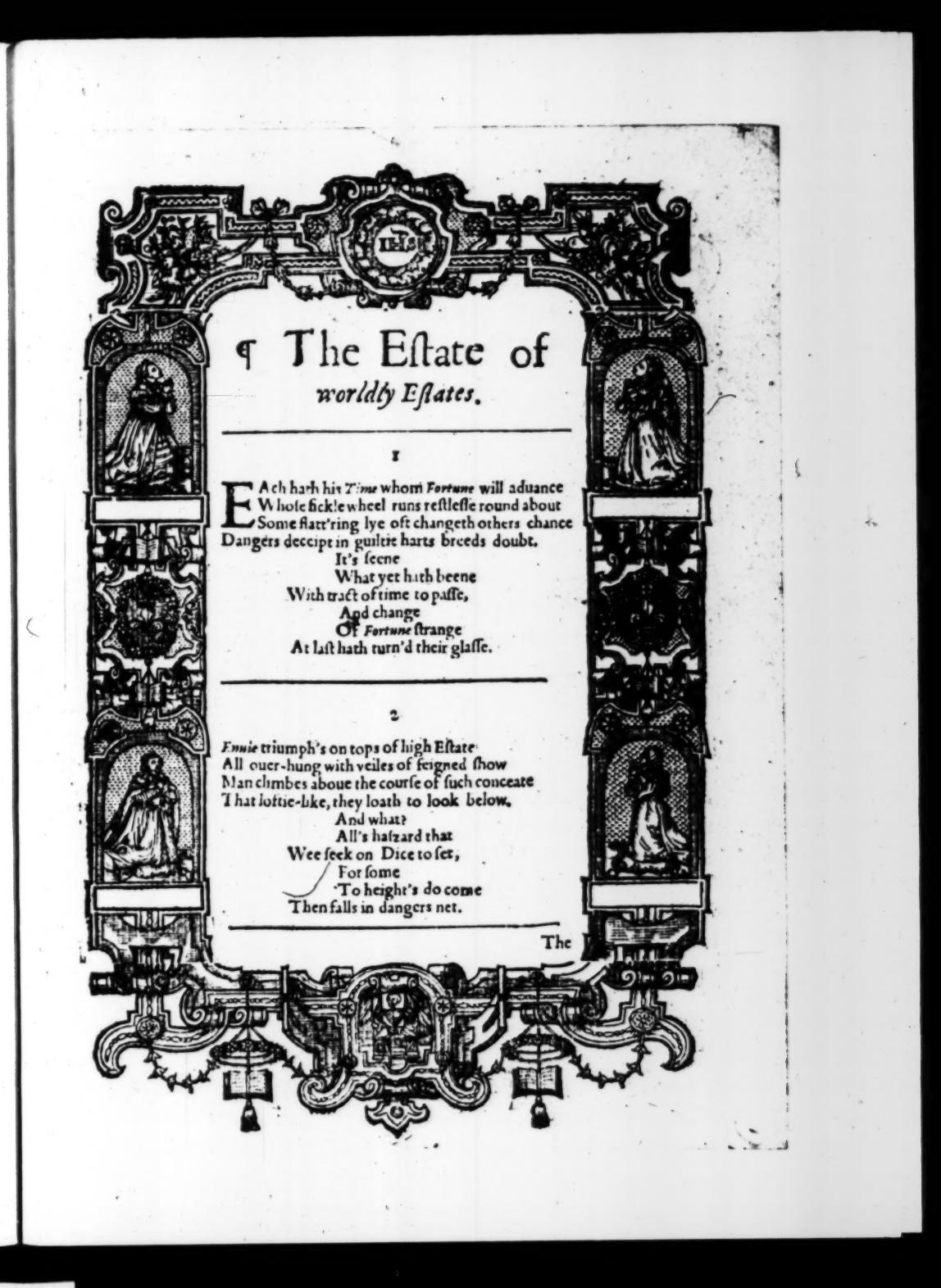
SONNET.

Goe traytor *Time* and authorize my wrong,
My wrack, my woe, my wayting on bewray
Look on my heart which by thy flists so long
Thou tyrraniz'd with Treason to betray
My hopes are fled, my thoughts are gone astray
And senceleffe I haue sorrow in such store
That paine it selfe to whom I am a pray
Of mee luth made a martred man and more.
Go go then *Time*, I hatefull thee implore,
To memorize my sad and marchleffe mone
Whilst thy decepts by death I shall decore
My losse of life shall make them known each one,
So (I poore I) I sing with swan-like song,
Go traytor *Time* and Authorize my wrong.

FINIS.



The



The Estate of worldly Estates.

I

Ach hath hit Time whori Fortune will aduance
Whole sickle wheel runs restless round about
Some flatt'ring lye oft changeth others chance
Dangers deceipt in guiltie harts breeds doubt.
It's feene
What yet hath beene
With tract of time to passe,
And change
Of Fortune strange
At last hath turn'd their glasse.

2

Envie triumph's on tops of high Estate
All ouer-hung with veiles of feigned show
Man climbes aboue the course of such conceite
That lottie-like, they loath to look below.
And what?
All's hazard that
Wee seek on Dice to set,
For some
To height's do come
Then falls in dangers net.

The I

The Estate of

4.

The gallant man, if poore, hee's thought a wretch,
His Virtue rare is held in high disdaync
The greatest Foole is wise if he be rich
And wisedome floweres from his Lunatique brayne,

Thus see

Rare sprit's to bee
Of no account at all.
Disgrace
Hath got such place
Each joyes at others fall.

3

The bri'brous minde who makes a God of gould
He scornes to plead without he haue reward
Then poore mens suites at highest rat's are fould
Whilst *An'ye* damn'd, nor *Kush* hath no regard.

For heere
He hath no feare
Of Gods consuming curse
His gaines
Doth pull with paines
Lagues from the poore mans purse.

Worldly Estates.

5

The furious flames of Sodom's sodaine fier,
With feruent force consume vaine Pride to nought
With wings of wax let soaring him aspire
Above the Starres of his ambitious thought,

And so

When hee doth go
On top of Prides high glory
Then shall
His sodain fall
Became the worlds sad Story.

6

Ingratitude that ill,-ill-fauor'd ill
In noble bretter hath buil'd Castles strong
Oblivion sett's-yp the Troph's that still
Bewrayes the filthie vilenesse of that wrong.

Ah minde

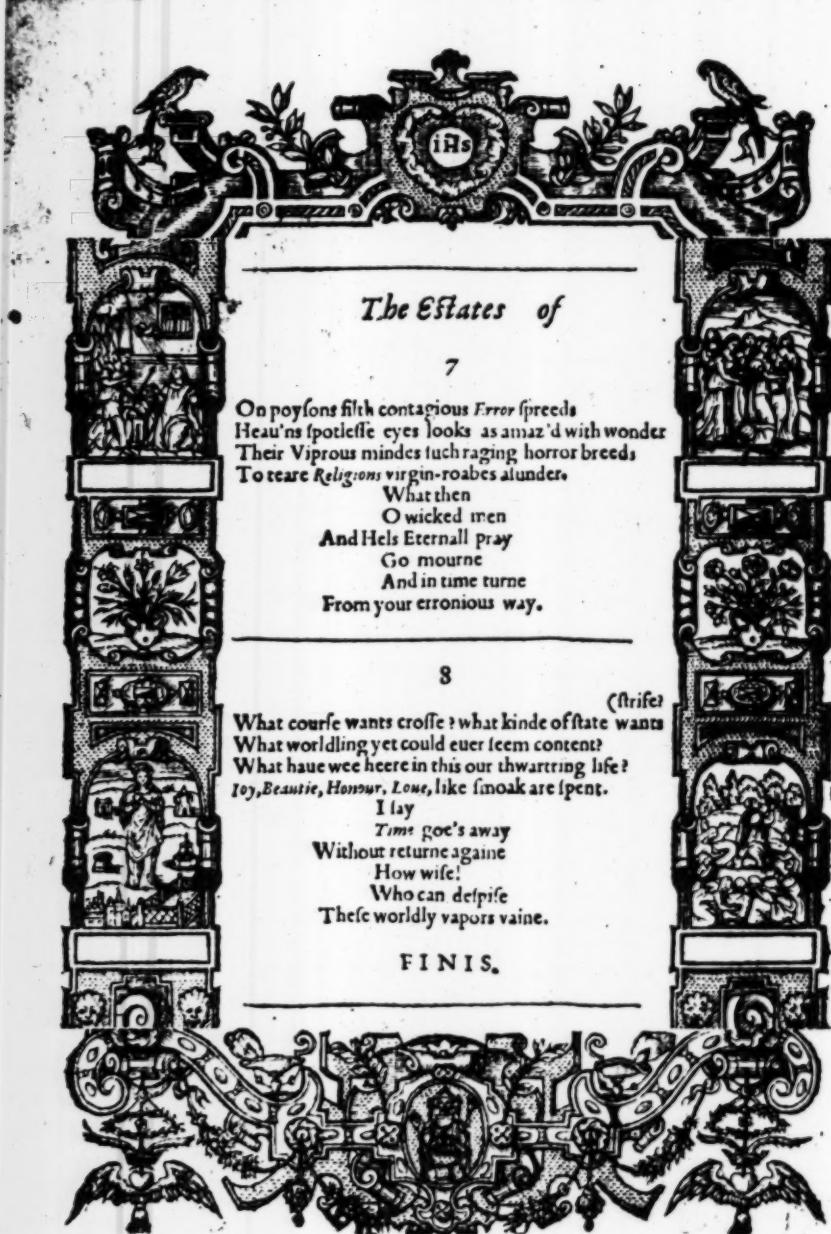
Where deu'ilish kinde

Ingratitude doth dwell
That ill
Coequals still
The greatest ill in hell.

F

O





ihs

The Estates of

7

On poysons filth contagious Error spreads
Heau's spotiselle eyes looks as amaz'd with wonder
Their Viprous mindes such raging horror breeds
To teare Religions virgin-roabes alunder.

What then
O wicked men
And Hels Eternall pray
Go mourne
And in time turne
From your eronious way.

8

(strife)
What course wants crosse? what kinde of state wants
What worldling yet could euer seem content?
What haue wee heire in this our thwarrting life?
Joy, Beautie, Honour, Love, like smoak are spent.
I lay

Time goe's away
Without retурне againe
How wifc!
Who can despise
These worldly vapors vaine.

FINIS.

His Dying song.

Now hapless *Herr*, what can thy soars allwage
Since y art grypt with horror of Deaths hand?
Thou(baleful-thou)becoms the *Tragick* stage
Where all my tort'ring thoughts theated stand:
Griefe, feare, death, thoughts, each in a monstrous kinde
Like vgly monstres muler in my minde.

3
Thou loathsome bed to restleffe-martred-*Mise*
Voyd of repose, fill'd with confusynge *cares*,
I will breathforth my wretched life on thee,
For quenchleffe wo and paine, my graue prepares
Unto pale-agonizing-*Death* am thrall
Then must I go, and answere to his call.

3
O Memorie most bitter to that man,
Whose *God* is Golde and hoords it vp in store,
But O that blind-deceiuing-*Wealth* what can
It saue a life, or add one minute more?
When hee at rest,rich treasures in his sight,
His Soule (poore Foole) is tane away that night.

F 2 And

His Dying Songe.

4
And strangers gets the substance of his gaine,
Which he long fought with endlesse toyles to finde
This wilde world's filth and excrements most vaine,
Hee needs must dye and leue it all behinde.

O man in minde remember this, and mourne,
Naked thou cam'st; and Naked must retourne,

5
I naked came, I naked must retourne,
Earth's flat'ring pleasure is an Idle toy
For now I sweare my very Soule doth spurne
That breath, that froth, that moment-fleeting joy,
Then farewell *World*, let him betray'd still bost
Of all mischife that in *Thee* truleith most.

6
Burnt' *Candle*, all thy store consum'd thou end's,
Thy lightning splendor threat's for to be gone,
O how do'st thou resemble *Me* that spend's
And lights forth life in fightng forth my mone?
Thy light *Thee* lothes, I loth this lothed life,
Full of deceipt, false enuie, grudge, and strife.

7
I call on *Time*, Tim's alt'red by the change,
I call on *Friends*, friendes haue clof'd vp their eares
I call on *Earthly Pow'rs*, and they are strange
I call in vaine when *Pittie* none appears.
Both *Time* and friends, both *Faithly Powers* and all
All in disdaine are deafe at my hoarse call.

Then



His Dying Songe.

Then *Prayer* flowe from my hart-humbling knees,
To the supreame Celestiall Throane aspire,
And shew my gracie to heau'n's all seeing eyes,
Who never yet deny'd my just desire.
Mans helpe is noughe, O God thy helpe I crave,
Whose spotlesse blood my spotted *Soule* did sauue.

Then take my *Soule* which bought by thee, is thine,
Earth harb'ring-worms, take you my Corps of Clay,
O *Christ* on me Eternall mercy shine,
Thy bleeding wounches wash all my sinnes away.
Now now I come to thee O *I-s-i-s* sweet,
Into thy hands I recommend my *Spreit*.

FINIS.

Printed at London by Humphry Lownes
for Christopher Pursett, and are to
be sold at the West doore of
S. Pauls Church

1604.